May honourable peace attend thy throne.
King. Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land. *Exet Gloſter.*
Queene. Take vp the ſtaffe, for here it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?
Yorke. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth pleaſe.
King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſand-bag faſtened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and ſand-bagge, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of
And feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well inough. (Sacke.
2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.
3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.
Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.
1. *Prentiſe.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.
3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maiſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.
Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou ſhalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maiſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence alreadie.
Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?
Petr. Peter forſooth.
Salbury. Peter, what more? *Peter.*

Peter. Thumpe.
Salsbury. Thumpe, then ſee that thou thumpe thy maiſter.
Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, and Peter a knaue, and ſo haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.
Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.
Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.
Armou. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, Treaſon, treaſon. (He dies.
Peter. O God I giue thee praiſe. He kneeles downe.
Pren. Ho well done Peter. God ſaue the King.
King. Go take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exet omnis.*

Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph Sirrha, whats a clocke?
Seruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandring in the ſtreetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That earſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in tryumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verſes written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir *John Standly*, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gratious Lord, ſee where my Lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1594 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.17) Octavo